

Iron County Register.

By H. D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

THE SAFEST SAFETY WHEEL.

Life, my boy, is a bicycle path. And work is the wheel you should ride if you would mount to the crest of the hill.

And coast down the other side. Just off the machine with cheerfulness. And see that the parts are in trim. Then straddle the saddle and pedal on. With a ready, steady vim.

Don't start with a rush up the hill of life—Just pedal a medium gate; Remember that those who "scorch" at first are likely to finish late.

Grasp the handle bars of the wheel of work. With a firm hold—not too tight! Then sit up straight—like a man, and push—Push for the road that's right.

You may wobble a bit, and punctures, too, may cause you to dismount, But plug up the holes with smiles and pluck. They are the plugs which count.

There are other makes of machines than "Work"—The "Idle," the "Lazy," the "Rest"—And host of others of tempting style, But the one called "Work" is best.

It's a low gear wheel of homely frame, But it's safe and sure and strong. And the man who rides it persistently Can never in life go wrong.

So straddle the saddle of "Work," my boy. And push it along with pride. Till you get to the top of the hill of life. Then you'll find the road on the other side.—Joe Kerr, in the N. Y. Herald.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

By Mrs. Poultny Bigelow.

A CURIOUS play to bring a young girl to, isn't it? "She doesn't understand; she's a saint. All her life she has been in the depths of Cornwall. This is the first time she has ever been allowed to stay in London."

"Why did you bring her here?" "Because she insisted upon coming to see Mrs. Calthorpe. Saw her photo in the Burlington Arcade, and said she must see her play. Look at her now! Isn't she a picture? She's so innocent!"

Col. Dashwood, in the back of the box, watched Daphne Brooke, sitting in the front. He could understand how the girl appealed to kind, worldly Lady Rainbury, though he could not imagine why Mr. Brooke had conducted his precious, long-sequestered daughter to a comparative stranger.

"Mrs. Calthorpe meant to play something else, rather nicer for the young person," continued Lady Rainbury, in a whisper, "but this thing was substituted at the eleventh hour. Do you think Daphne's shocked?"

The girl's eyes, round and clear, with a sort of inner light shining through them, were fixed on the stage. She sat very straight in her youthful white frock, which was unornamented save by the young, firm figure which rounded its lines—a girl the sight of whom recalled every hackneyed simile of May buds, spring, dawn—every synonym for freshness, health, purity.

Mrs. Calthorpe was going through a scene with her lover, the usual love of the usual married woman of the usual French play. She was the partial wreck of a beautiful society woman. Fifteen years ago she had tried of her husband and left him. She was stage mad, and the one indestructible article of her creed was faith in her own genius. She was her own sole worshiper, though not her only flatterer. She did not go alone. An actor high enough in his art to have known better undertook to launch her. A prince smiled upon her first professional appearance, and the public, unfortunately, smiled, too. She had kicked away her world, and the other one which she wished to conquer was not at her feet. Her companion, who had the face of a priest and the reputation of a lady-killer, was still faithful. There were lean years which sowed white hairs in Marion Calthorpe's gorgeous tresses, and drew anxious lines in what was once the loveliest brow in London. Dye, grease-paint, facial massage, glossed over the damage for a time. The soft, rose-tinted face became the wooden, haggard, thickly rouged countenance now known to play-goers; but the figure kept its lissiteness, the manner still told of breeding.

And now Daphne Brooke was in a theater, two-thirds full of "paper" and one-third of people who came to see Worth gowns, and to gloat upon the changes wrought by the lean years. There was something about the actress which made the young girl want to cry. It was not only that the part seemed to her foolish and wicked and dull; there was a tragedy in the great eyes deeply underlined with black.

"How terrible," thought Daphne, "if she was some one's mother!" She herself had never known her mother; she did not even possess a picture of her. Her father did not encourage her to talk about her. His grief was still too fresh.

What the act was over Daphne turned to Col. Dashwood.

"Can you tell me about Mrs. Calthorpe?" she asked, wistfully. "Is she married to the man who acts with her?"

"A—no," said the colonel. "No; he is her leading man, you understand. A theatrical expression, you know."

"I don't like him. I'm sorry for her," said Daphne, simply. "Are most plays like this?"

"Certainly not," said the colonel. "Few are so dull or immoral."

"It is immoral," said Daphne, thoughtfully. "It isn't a nice idea that a married woman can talk like that to a man." She blushed a little, afraid of having meddled with subjects beyond her knowledge.

"Isn't she delicious?" murmured Lady Rainbury. "You don't see gowns like that at the Land's End, do you, Daphne?" she added, in a higher key.

"Oh, no!" said Daphne, seriously. "They are very wonderful. Has Mrs. Calthorpe a daughter?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She's been playing about for years, apparently without any ties. Do you know anything about her?" asked Lady Rainbury.

"Nothing to speak of," said Col. Dashwood, conscious double entendre. "I'm just home from India, you know."

There was a knock at the door of the box. The colonel rose and opened it. There was a whispered colloquy. Then he returned and said: "Lady Rainbury, your nephew Bertie is here. He begs you to go to the door for a minute."

"Impertinent boy! Why can't he come in?" said Lady Rainbury. But she rose good-naturedly as she spoke.

Daphne felt a draft on her back, and heard voices at the door, but she did not concern herself with them. There was a smothered exclamation. "Heaven! What have I done? How could I know?" A few inarticulate sentences, and then the door shut and Lady Rainbury returned. She looked curiously shaken.

"My dear," she said, her usual manner quite gone, "shall we go home? It's rather dull; don't you think so?" Daphne looked surprised. "If you like, Lady Rainbury," she said, submissively, though she was disappointed.

"That's right, dear. Where are the wraps?" Colonel Dashwood half rose, with an inquiring glance. At that moment the curtain rose. Mrs. Calthorpe was on the stage. Daphne paused, as if fascinated; the actress was looking at her. She was gorgeous in black velvet and diamonds, with great bunches of violets at her breast and in her hair.

As she spoke her opening lines, and stepped forward, a change came over her face, a haggard, drawn look, and a dazed expression in the eyes. She stumbled, swayed and fell. In an instant the curtain was wrung down. Daphne leaped far out of the box, with her hands clasped.

"Oh!," she almost sobbed, "is she ill? Is she dead?" Lady Rainbury drew her gently away. As they left the theater a man came before the curtain and told the audience that Mrs. Calthorpe was too ill to proceed.

Next morning the papers contained a paragraph to the effect that Mrs. Calthorpe, who was at her hotel, Daphne read the address and noted it. In the afternoon Lady Rainbury left her for an hour; she was expecting Mr. Brooke at tea-time. Without losing a minute Daphne stole down-stairs in jacket and hat, and softly left the house, hailed the first cab she saw, and drove to the hotel. She had never been out alone in her life, and was full of tremors and vague alarms. She paid the cabman—a shilling too much—rallied all her forces, and entered the hotel. It was a quiet one in a rather unfashionable quarter. She gave the attendant a card on which she had written in her childish hand, "Daphne Brooke begs Mrs. Calthorpe to see her if she is not too ill." Then she sat down to wait.

While the man was gone with the card she sat in a chill of trepidation. Soon he returned and ushered her upstairs. The door of the room was opened by a maid, who immediately withdrew.

On the sofa by the fire was Mrs. Calthorpe, a mass of white tea-gown with a hollow, unprinted face. The face quivered when Daphne came in. "Oh, are you better?" asked the young girl, eagerly, taking the thin hand which was extended.

"Yes, dear," said the actress. "How kind of you to come! What made you think of it? It's all wrong to come," said Daphne, with the divine candor of a child, "but I couldn't help it! I did so want to say things—"

"What things? Sit down here and say them. Who was that with you last night? I saw you in the box."

"Lady Rainbury. Father and I met her last summer, and she begged him to let me have a week in town."

"And she brought you to see me? Why did she do that?"

"Because I saw your picture in the window—the one in the big black hat—and I wanted to see you! I never wanted anything so much, I think."

"The play was not a favorite of mine," said the actress, a little unkindly; "I do much better ones than that."

It seemed to Daphne that Mrs. Calthorpe was quite feverishly glad to see her.

"Did Lady Rainbury say that you might come?"

"Oh, no. She went out—and father is coming at tea-time to fetch me—but I slipped out without asking. Perhaps it was wrong, but I couldn't keep away! You seemed to be pulling me, pulling me—all night in my dreams. Isn't it curious—a stranger like you? And I was miserable when you fell. What was it?"

"A fainting fit. I have them sometimes. It was sweet and dear of you to come! What were the 'things' you wanted to say?"

"I don't know how to tell you—only somehow I wondered whether you were happy—but I suppose you are. It is a very brilliant life, isn't it—on the stage—with those dresses and diamonds—and all the applause? You must be happy."

"Not always; there is another side." Her voice sounded tired and bitter to Daphne.

"Did you ever have a daughter?" asked the girl. Marion Calthorpe's mouth quivered. It was pale to-day.

"Yes," she said, "I had a daughter. Is she living? Is she good and pretty?"

"Yes—living, good and pretty."

"I am so glad! She will come to you, won't she?"

"Yes; she has come to me."

to let you come down to us—to Cornwall, where the air is delicious, and one is so peaceful and happy and never hears anything disagreeable. There are so many horrid things in the world that I do not know about—yet I know they're horrid! I looked at you last night, and I thought you were unhappy—it was in your eyes—and when you fell I wanted to jump onto the stage and carry you off to Cornwall."

"I am unhappy, dear, but it will not be for long."

"Something will make you happy? I'm so glad!"

"I shall rest by and by, and that will make me happy. You believe in God, don't you, Daphne? And you pray?"

"Of course, Mrs. Calthorpe! How can any one not believe when he is so good?"

"He is so good!" repeated Marion, closing her eyes. Presently she opened them.

"Daphne, you must not stay here long. You must go back to your friends; but I want you to kiss me—I want you to kiss me—to say something for me to remember until—I go away—to rest."

The girl came closer.

"Oh, I want you to come to us! I don't know why, but I think father would do you good; he is so good and dear—though he is very sad, because he lost mother years ago. What shall I say to you?"

"Something, oh, something for me to think of!" was the wailing cry. "Oh, God, something to help me!"

Slow, tragic drops gathered in the actress' eyes.

Daphne threw her arms around her, kneeling beside her.

"Think," she said, "that God loves you, and that your daughter loves you, and that you are soon going away to rest."

The door opened as they were pressed to each other's heart. A tall, thin man in a room. Daphne sprang toward him.

"Oh, father," she cried, "I'm so glad you've come!" Then she saw how stern he was. "Don't be vexed, father. I came quite safely."

"Marion," said Brooke, "you have broken your promise." He was speaking to Mrs. Calthorpe, not to his daughter.

"It was too strong a temptation. Oh, Harry, forgive me! I have not been too happy," she cried, wearily; "and I am dying."

"Come, Daphne. Do you know this lady?"

"She knows nothing—she came like an angel."

Mr. Brooke took his daughter's hand and led her to the door.

"Oh," cried Daphne, as they left the room, "shall we never see her again?"

"Never again," he answered.—Woman's Home Companion.

Making Amends. The literary corner of Hartford, is a most friendly place. The fortunate members of that charmed circle hobnob together at all times and at all seasons. When Harriet Beecher Stowe was alive, Mark Twain, who lived near her, had a way of running in to converse with her and her daughters, often in a somewhat negligee costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Clemens. One morning, as he returned from the Stoves', sans necktie, Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stoves' again without a necktie. It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!" Her husband said nothing, but went up to his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger who presented her with a snail's box.

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THE OLDEST BOOKS.

Archaeological Writings That Shed Light on Early Standards of Religious Thought in Egypt.

A new translation of various archaic Egyptian writings, including those contained in the celebrated "Prisse Papyrus"—called the most ancient book in the world—has lately been made by an American scholar, Mr. Isaac Myer, author of "The Tabalah" and "Searabs." This new

anthology, says the Literary Digest, throws much light on the early standards of religious thought in Egypt, as well as upon the ethical and social characteristics of the old Egyptians.

Mr. Myer is a believer in the theory advanced many times before, that a large part of the Christian system of ethics and symbolism was derived from the Egyptian religion, and that Jesus, in the interval between his twelfth and thirtieth years, of which little is known, spent some time in Egypt. His theory differs from that of Rev. Robert Taylor, author of those extraordinary books, "The Devil's Pulpit" and "The Diogenes," who held that the Old and New Testament writings were based wholly upon a combination of early Egyptian religion and later theosophy, and were derived by Alexandrine Christians of the fourth century after Christ, to embody, under a pseudo-historical form, certain astrological myths relating to the Sun God (Christ), the 12 signs of the zodiac (the 12 apostles) and the four seasons (the four evangelists).

Mr. Myer, however, accepts the historic basis of the New Testament, but regards the earlier writings as based upon those of books contained in the "Prisse Papyrus." Of these books he says:

"They incute the study of wisdom, the duty to parents and superiors, respect for property, the advantages of charity, peaceableness and content; of liberality, humility, chastity and sobriety; of truthfulness and justice; and they show the wickedness and folly of disobedience, strife, arrogance, unchastity and other vices."

Such teachings seem to go far to show that a fine ethical, if not a Christian, morality might be based upon its teachings, as, for instance, the following from the Book of Karonna, a treatise on good manners, 1898-369 B. C.:

"As a man without good breeding, to whom almost one can say is without any effect, makes a surly face to the advances of him of a gracious heart, he is an affliction to his mother and his relatives."

"In the book of the Ptah-Hotep will be found the following:

"Be not haughty because of thy knowledge; converse thou with the great men of the land, the scholars, the artists and the men of business, for thou art ever possessing that perfection which he should aspire."

"If thou hast to do with a disputant when he is hot, act as one who cannot be moved. Thou hast the advantage over him, if only in keeping silent when he is using evil speech."

"If thou humblest thyself in obeying a superior, thy conduct is wholly good before God. Knowing who ought to obey and who ought to command, lift not thy heart against the latter."

"If thou art a wise man, train up a son who will be pleasing to God. If he adjusts his discipline to thy way, and obeys himself with thy affairs, he should do him all the good that thou art able."

"If thou hast the position of a leader, making plans go forth at thy will, do perfect things which posterity will remember, not letting prevail words which multiply flatterers, raise pride and produce vanity."

"If thou desirest thy conduct to be good and will keep thyself free from attacks of bad temper. Be not of an irritable temper as if what is happening around thee; seek only as to thine own affairs; * * *

of better value is a compliment for what displeases thee than rudeness. It is wrong to fly into a passion with one's neighbor, to the point of not knowing how to manage one's words."

"If thou aimest at having polished manners, do not question him whom thou dost accost. Converse with him in private in such a way as not to embarrass him. Do not argue with him, except after letting him have time to impregnate his mind with the subject of the conversation."

"No!" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then how dost know who thy feyther was, 'cept by hearsay?"

After the laughter had subsided the judge said:

"In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your own eyes, and nothing more or less."

"Oh, that be blowed for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear he's there, dang 'un!"

This second triumph on the part of the witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath, which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.—Boston Courier.

Forgot and Kissed the Queen. Courtly old Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, could boast that he had danced with Queen Victoria, but was a young American who had even further, for she kissed the queen.

And it was not much of a day for kissing queens, at that, as the Anglo-American tells the incident. She was an American debutante, young and pretty, and in her confusion in making the courtesy, she committed the frightful solecism of kissing her majesty.

Instantly recognizing the enormity of her offense, the poor girl nearly fainted. She hurried home in the most distressed state of mind. The American minister was immediately summoned, and was asked by her parents to present her abject apologies through the proper channels. Simultaneously the minister received a note from her majesty's secretary, saying that Victoria recognized the young girl's embarrassment and sent her an invitation to a state dinner. Of course this not only silenced all adverse criticism, but opened at once to the young woman every door of fashionable London.—Youth's Companion.

PITH AND POINT.

The use of the mosquito is to show us that troubles are not always in proportion to their size.—Chicago Daily News.

"What pretty white flowers they are on that plant." "Yes, but they don't stay on very long." "No." "No, they're bachelor buttons, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Everything has its disadvantages; if you are at the head of the procession you can't rest or slow up a moment, and if you are at the foot you get all the dust.—Atchison Globe.

"If your hat blows off while you are with an evening trolley party, don't mind it." "Why not?" "Because hatless trolley parties are awfully good form."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you really think he is suffering from insomnia?" "Of course he is. Why, he can't even go to sleep in church when the collection-plate is being passed."—Philadelphia Record.

Customer (getting his hair cut)—"Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then?" Barber (reassuringly)—"Yes, sir, a small piece, but not enough to affect the hearing, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Hamm, the actor—"Do you know it is very disagreeable to be stared at when off the stage?" His friend Smith—"But, then, you know, nobody ever takes notice of you when you are on the stage."—Boston Transcript.

"The advertisement of yours was a fake," protested the disgruntled guest. "How so?" demanded the proprietor of the mountain hotel. "Well, it said 'trout are always to be caught here,' and I haven't seen anyone who's caught a single one." "Well, then, they are still to be caught, aren't they?"—Catholic Standard.

RATS ON FERRYBOATS. If Women Passengers Knew How Near They Were There Would Be a Stampede.

There were only three men and two women in the women's cabin of the Jersey Central ferryboat on an early trip a few mornings ago. It was just after daybreak, and it wasn't very light, but Jersey Central ferryboats are economically managed, so the electric lamps had been turned off and in the cabin it was very dim, not light enough to read the morning paper, says the New York Sun.

But from the end of the line of life preservers under the row of seats crept a dim little shadow. It moved about the floor and was having a very good time till one of the male passengers threw a glove at it. Then with a faint squeak it vanished like a flash into the life preservers under the seats.

With screams in unison the two women passengers grabbed their skirts and sprang into the middle of the cabin. The only wide-awake man chuckled and the women glared at a brute. The other asserted that it was an outrage. A colored porter came to the door to find out who was fighting, but the women swept by him to the deck, where it was safe, he received the brunt of their indignation.

"Lor' bless you, ladies," said the porter. "Dey's lots of dem rats ab'd all dese boats. Dey's lookin' fer somep'n 't eat, but dey won't eat you."

The women continued to say things about wretched old tubs of ferries swarming with vermin, casting frightened glances around till the boat reached the Jersey side and they could hurry ashore.

It wasn't comforting, but what the porter said was true. There isn't a ferryboat around New York which hasn't plenty of rats aboard, and when it is quiet their favorite playground is among the life belts under the cabin seats. They don't bother anybody, and nobody but the passengers who travel in the small hours of the morning when traffic is light know that they are there. But they are. They like the cabins because in winter it is warm there and there is a chance of finding a few stray crumbs under the seats.

How they manage to live at all is a mystery, for ferryboat commons must be very short, but they look sleek and well fed as any other rats. The living isn't good enough to attract them in any uncomfortable numbers, and they don't increase very fast, but there are dozens of them for all that. They come aboard when the boats are tied up in their slips, and when the times are very hard they migrate by the same route.

There are not enough of the rats to cause the ferry companies to employ a rat catcher, and it would be impossible to keep the boats clear of them, anyway, so nothing is done about them. They are allowed to stay picking up a living as best they can and so far there has always been enough to eat to secure to all plump and well-fed passengers immunity from attack.

Dust from the Clouds. Baron Nordenskjöld, upon finding on the snows of Greenland dust composed of the elements invariably associated with meteorites, and of uncommon occurrence in terrestrial matter, concluded that cosmic dust is falling imperceptibly but continually upon the earth. Recent spectroscopic examination of many varieties of dust from Greenland and elsewhere has an interesting bearing on Nordenskjöld's conclusions. Among the constituents of dust floating in the air are lead, silver, copper, rubidium, gallium, indium, thallium, nickel, manganese, and so forth. Many of these can be traced to their sources in factory chimneys and fires. Volcanic dust has characteristic features, and dust from clouds collected either by itself or in hail, snow, sleet or rain, exhibits a regularity of composition not seen in other varieties of dust. Iron, nickel, calcium, copper, potassium and sodium always appear in it in about the same proportions. Some dust that fell near Dublin in 1897 contained meteorites in its composition, is attracted by a magnet, and seems to be of cosmic origin.—Science.

Failures in Life. A great many failures in life are due to too much visiting.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

HOW TRUSTS ARE ORGANIZED.

Proof That Prices Are Raised by Combination Gives Republicans the Lie.

The typical way in which trusts are organized is given in anouncing the formation of the Salmon Canning combine. The total stock issued, says the Chicago Chronicle, is \$10,000,000, to be divided as follows:

Six per cent. debentures.....\$3,000,000
Seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock.....6,500,000
Common stock.....6,500,000

It is understood that the underwriting syndicate will furnish a \$3,000,000 cash, receiving therefor \$3,000,000 in debentures, with a bonus of \$1,500,000 preferred stock and \$1,500,000 common stock.

This company, therefore, starts out by presenting the underwriting syndicate with \$3,000,000 of preferred and common stock for their share of the plunder, the balance of the common stock is doubtless pure water, as is probably the case with the remaining \$5,000,000 of preferred stock, as only \$3,000,000 in cash is used in the transaction.

The information is also given that the annual capacity of the combined concerns is 2,000,000 cases, so if the salmon caught by the original companies produced a profit of 30 per cent, it will require the combine to increase the price about 100 per cent. to pay a like profit. This watered stock will eventually find its way into bank vaults as security for loans and when a tight time comes in the money market some bank will fail with large assets that are not immediately realizable. The sufferers will not be the trusts, but the unfortunate depositors.

The increase of railroad fares and freight rates has been systematically going on ever since the combinations were effected. The freight rates have generally been increased in the round about way of raising the classification. The Buffalo Times says: "The Pan-American is now complete, but the railroad rates keep the crowds away."

This is corroborated by the managers of the Pan-American expedition, who give out the following information: "We can cite many instances where the railroads have put up their rates far in excess of what the fare before the combination was. This is pretty good proof that trusts and combinations do raise prices, notwithstanding the efforts of Gen. Grosvenor and other republican leaders to prove that they are an advantage to the people."

TRUSTS AND WORKERS. Combinations Work to Discard Classes That Distribute the Seeds of Industry.

The attempt of the trust to put division on their watered stock endorses them to increase the price of their commodities to the consumers. Another effect of combination is to discard the middle man or wholesale dealer and dispense with traveling men, and other aids to forcing particular brands of goods on the retailers. According to a dispatch from Minneapolis, Minn., the plow trust, although but recently organized, is about to inaugurate both of these economies, and two classes will have to bear the burden—the farmer, in increased prices, and the traveling men, loss of occupation. The dispatch says: "As a result of the plow consolidation, it is expected that nearly 100 northwestern traveling men will be forced to look for new employment. About 50 of these travel directly out of Minneapolis. Inventory has been taken in factories and jobbing houses belonging to the combine. A great deal of interest is manifested in the plans of the trust by retail implement dealers and the possible effect as to price. It is the unanimous opinion of the dealers that the price of plows will be advanced. The release of these salesmen will constitute the largest wholesale discharge since the tobacco trust was formed."

CONSPIRATORS' MEETING. Plotting of Trust Magnates That Bodes No Good for the Common People.

There was a meeting in New York a few days ago that bodes ill for most of the balance of the year. The present Senator Hanna, J. P. Morgan, President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania railroad, and C. A. Griscom, of the American line of steamships. What they met for is not disclosed, but as they are all bent on the ship subsidy steal, no doubt that was one of the matters; then they also interested in the bituminous coal trust, now forming, which is intended to divide the control of the mines among the railroads, just as the anthracite has been apportioned, and then raise the rate "all the traffic will bear," and the price of coal accordingly. This they will find to be a big job, for the bituminous fields are much more extensive than the hard coal ones, and the "soft coal trust" will have to quite equal in capitalization the steel trust, if not exceed it.

One thing is certain. These leaders of the republican party did not meet with any philanthropic end in view, and it is quite possible that they were scheming to squeeze the dear people a trifle more on some new trust combination or monopoly. When you order your winter's stock of coal you may know more about it